



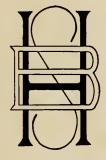
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ZETA-CORDIA

Volume VIII



Published by
The Senior Class of
Bryan High School
1921



Me, the Class of 1921, do Lovingly Dedicate this Volume of The Zeta-Cordia

to

Our Fathers and Mothers and Those whose Sacrifices have made Our High School Education Possible.



Foreword

Little book, may none who look
Within thy pages fail to find,
Some record clear, some memory dear,
Of these four years we leave behind.
The work and play of every day,
Thus may they here reflected see,
And crowning all, the great, the small,
Bryan High, the love we bear to thee.

Editorial

School Spirit

We have many opportunities to show a splendid school spirit in High School, but unfortunately this is lacking to a certain extent in our school.

School spirit is necessary on the play ground, in the study hall, class room, literary societies and athletics.

Anyone who has a proper school spirit feels a personal pride in the upkeep of the school lawn. Yet any number of thoughtless ones walk across it and ruin its appearance.

Again, in the school room the desks are marred and seats cut and literally torn to pieces. This should not be so. We should be so anxious to give to the coming classes of our High School well kept desks, that we would not care to inform them who sat at those desks years before.

In order to have worth while literary societies we must have friendly competition of course. However, real school spirit is not created when those of either society continually "knock" the members of the opposite organization. True sportsmen acknowledge their own weakness and do not underestimate an opponent's good points.

Last but not least is the spirit in athletics. At the rallies in the morning and at the games, many seem too stiff and indifferent to cheer. How about the boys and girls who practice night after night, giving up time which they might well use elsewhere? We surely can cheer for them for they are working not for their own interests but for the interests of the school.

After a game has been won the expression "We won the game" is often heard. Oh, yes! We won the game! But if the score happens to go the other way it is usually, "The boys lost last night." We are only too glad to share the honors, but not the defeats.

Let us try to acquire more interest in our school work, literary societies and athletics, and put the best we have in them! Let us lay aside selfish interests and work together for a better Bryan High School.

L. Y. '21

Gratitude

In the world we have much to be grateful for, especially for our education. Not many appreciate the work, time and money it takes to carry on a school.

First, we are grateful to the tax-payers for their support of our school. Whenever any new equipment has been needed they have come willingly to the rescue, and cheerfully born the burden of increased taxes.

Second, we are grateful to the business men and citizens of Bryan for their splendid support in athletics, various public programs, and in this Annual. If it were not for the advertisements we received from the business men, we could not publish the "Zeta-Cordia." They have responded unusually well in this, this year, and we wish to thank them for their part in making our Annual a success.

Third, we are grateful to our school board. This year they have given us a new course. The Commercial work has benefited many of us, although it is not yet sufficiently organized. In the next few years we know that it will be as strong a course as any in our curriculum. The board has recently given us also our Home Economics course. The girls taking this course all say that it has been a beneficial and enjoyable one. It is rumored that the boys like it also. The school board has been improving our school constantly in all ways, and in years to come Bryan High School will equal any school in the state.

Fourth, we are grateful to our Superintendent, Principal and Faculty. The quality of any school depends greatly upon its teaching force. By loyally supporting the school themselves, they encourage the support of the students. Our teachers this year, have supported our High School in every way. They deserve all the gratitude and praise we can give them.

Keeping in mind all the work, time and money the various people give our school, we as students, should be very proud and grateful to be its members.



J. W. WYANDT, B.A.

The class of 1921 wishes to express a word of appreciation to our Superintendent, Mr. Wyandt. He has served the High School faithfully in this office for eighteen years. With a ready and willing hand he has guided us from our Freshman days to our goal of graduation. Not only our class, but every member of Bryan High owes him gratitude for his capable and efficient work in maintaining the standard of our school.



R. C. BAKER, B.S.

Mr. Baker has been principal of the Bryan schools for two years, and has won a place of great respect among his students and teachers. He is a man of steady nerve and habits, honest, conscientious in the performance of duty; in every sense a gentleman. He is possessed of broad educational abilities and as a teacher has tact, enthusiasm and patience. He is a strict, but fair disciplinarian, and his amiable disposition has won for him many true friends. He will long be remembered by the students of Bryan High School.





Georgia L. Dauterman, B.A. French

"What can say more than this rich praise That you alone, are you."

Miss Dauterman is a graduate of Bowling Green High School, and of Ohio University. We were sorry to lose her in the middle of the year.

Minnie Krill, B.A. English

"A quiet little body, without much to say,
But we who know her best,
we think, we'll hear of her some day."

Miss Krill is a graduate of Edgerton High School, and of Baldwin-Wallace College. She has taught English at Edon and Edgerton, and has been here one year.

J. E. Clark, B.S. Science

"Men dream in courtship, But in wedlock awake."

Mr. Clark is a graduate of Wooster Academy and of Franklin College. He has taught in the New Athens, and in the Morenci, Michigan, High Schools.

Owen Shuman, B.A. History and Economics

"All men are born free and

equal,
And have the privilege of remaining so, or getting married."

Mr. Shuman is a graduate of Danville Buckeye High School, and of Ohio State University. He instructed in the High School of Gary, W. Va., and Charlestown, O., and has been here one year.

Emily Roe, B.C.S. Commercial

"Miss Roe is strict 'tis true, But she's our good friend too."

Miss Roe is a graduate of Weston High School and of the Ohio Northern University. She also attended the Gregg School at Chicago. She has taught at Forest, Napoleon, Fostoria, and one year here.

Ruth B. Vollmer, B.A. Latin

"She was once in Bryan High, So she helps our colors fiy."

Mrs. Vollmer is a graduate of B. H. S. and of Ohio Wesleyan University. She has taught Latin here for two years.





Esther Roush, B.S. Science and Mathematics "Let's banish business, banish sorrow,

ish sorrow,
To the gods belongs tomorrow."

Miss Roush is a graduate of Akron Central High, and of Hiram College. She was an instructor in the Nelson High School for one year, and this is her first year here.

Gertrude Marshall, B.A. English

"From purest wells of English undefiled,

Mone deeper drank than she.'
Miss Marshall is a
graduate of B. H. S., and
of Ohio Wesleyan University. She was a
teacher of English at
Prairie Depot and Delta,
of Latin at Van Wert,
and has been with us one
vear.

F. A. Tubbs, Mus. Bac. Music

"There is no truer truth obtainable by man than comes of music."

Mr. Tubbs is a graduate of the school of music at Valparaiso, Ind., and has served us faithfully as our instructor in music for thirty-one years.

Amsey R. White, B.A. Mathematics

'Mr. White we wish to retain, He's always willing to explain."

Mr. White is a graduate of Crawfis College High School, and of Defiance College. He was an instructor in Science at Huntington, Ind., and this is his second year at Bryan.

Ruth Bryan, B.S. in Education

Home Economics

"Miss Bryan in "Home Ec" is ruler, And they say you cannot fool her."

Miss Bryan is a graduate of Wilmington High School, and of Miami University. She has been with us just this year.

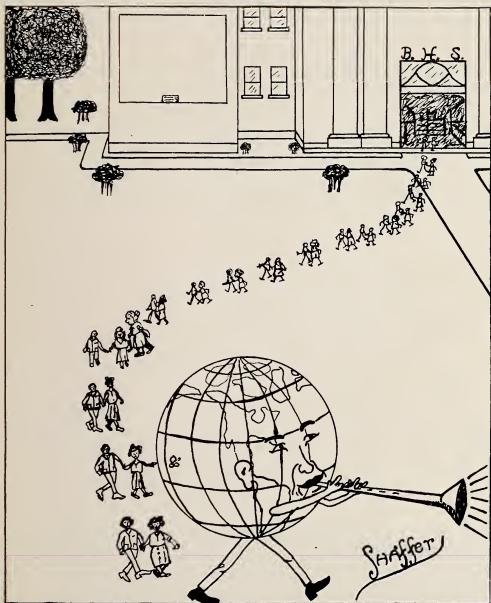
F. B. Waters, B.A. French

"When you hear him, "parlezvous," You wish that you could do it too"

Mr. Waters is a graduate of the Benzonia High School, Benzonia, Mich., and of the University of Michigan. This is his first year in B. H. S., coming to take Miss Dauterman's place.







Sallins



CLASS



The Seniors too soon will assemble
For the last time in Bryan High.
All too quickly will school days be over,
As time in its swift course does fly.

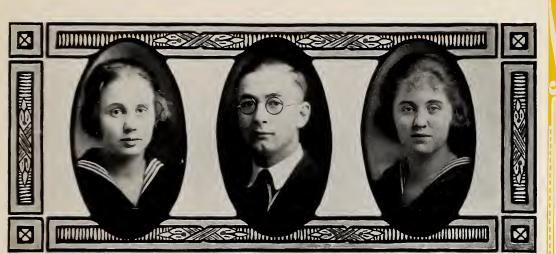
But think not that our tasks are completed,
That our race of life is won;
For though we have gone out from High School,
Our great duties have merely begun.

Looking back to the years of our High School, In thought living over once more, The joys and the sorrows and tasks, Of the good old days of yore,

We shall all feel a thrill of pride
That we are from dear Bryan High;
And shall hope that her glorious colors,
Will ever be raised to the sky.

For her we have only high praises,
To her we will always be true;
And our deepest wish and desire,
Is that she may be proud of us too.

H. W. '21



Barbara Ann Lytle "Barbry"

"I wonder if anyone knows me well."

Zetagathean; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Homer Martin "Hefty"

"Shall I go on or have I said enough."

Zetagathean; Class President 2, 1; Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Football Capt. 4; Track 1, 4; Debate Team 4; All-Of-A-Sudden Peggy 3; At the end of The Rainbow 2.

Helen Fisher "Fish"

"To catch Helen's very smiles, Perky all his time beguiles." Zetagathean.

Helen Lorraine Hultz

"Helen always studies hard, As we can see by her grade card."

Zetagathean; Orchestra 1, 2.

Oscar L. Witzerman

"Oscar is a country lad,
But there's none better to be
had."

Zetagathean; Track 4.

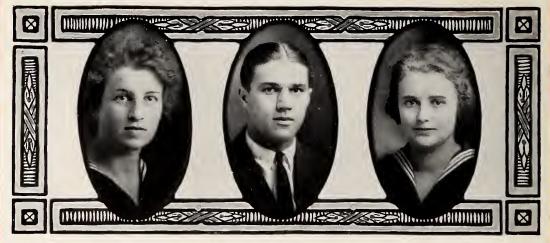
Orpha Louise Musser

"We all watch for Orpha's smile,

smile,
For she's a good scout all the while."

Concordian; See'y-Treas. Concordian Society 4; Debate Club 4; Debate Team 4; Oration 4.





Marian Henning "Pet"

own, And uses it."

Basket Ball 3, 4; At the end of The Rainbow 2; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Assistant Play 4. Art Editor Zeta-Cordia 4; Chorus 4.

Dalton R. Churchman "Sam"

"She has a mind decidedly her "I despise any man who has a poor opinion of himself." Concordian; Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Vice President 2, 4; Senior

Elizabeth Helen Thiel

"Helen is always quiet and shy, But just watch that twink-ling eye." Zetagathean.

Doris Edna Motter

"'Tis said and I think it's true, That the silent ones have more to do."

Zetagathean; Washington Twp. H. S. 1, 2.

Uarda Pauline Bailey

"Art is in for every sport,
And in mischief of any sort." Zetagathean; Class Pres. 3, 4; President of Zetagathean Society 4; Glee Club 3; Senior Play 4.

Ruth Daley "R. D."

"What would we do without our Ruth? We'd flunk to tell the truth."

Concordian; Basket Ball 3, 4; Treas. A. A. 4; Class Sec'y-Treas. 4.





Gertrude M. Brown

"Eyes so big and brown and dancing,
May keep many a lads' heart
prancing."

Concordian; Pioneer 1, 2; Debate Club 4; Literary Contest 4; Oration 4; Senior Play 4.

Paul Reign Shaffer "Shaff"

true,
But now to tell the truth
don't you?"

Zetagathean; Assistant Zetagathean; Chorus 4; Business Mgr. Zeta-Cordia Debate Club 3, 4; Debate 4; High School Chorus 4; Debate Club 3, 4.

Helen Schrider "Ike"

"I think a lot of myself 'tis "To Helen all give your reward,
For she's boss of the Annual
Board."

> Team 3, 4; Class Sec'y-Treas. 1; Editor of Zeta-Cordia 4; Glee Club 1, 2.

Marguerite Ridge "Peggy"

"Oh what a lot in this head is concealed, Of joy and fun that has been never revealed."

Zetagathean; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4.

Burnis Anna Mecch "She's a lively girl all right, Never still from morn till night."

Concordian.

Oneta Leu "Mike"

"When fun you want call on "Neter,"
There's not another that can beat her."

Zetagathean; Montpelier 1, 2; Basket Ball 3; Debate Club 3, 4; Debate Team 3; Literary Contest 4; Joke Editor of Zeta-Cordia 4.





Mildred Quackenbush "Quackie"

"Mildred to us from Edgerton came,
Tho' timid she's a good sport just the same."
Zetagathean; Edgerton 1,

Burmah Blair "Bum"

"When I am old and weary of the world I may grow desperate, and take a husband to mortify withal." Concordian.

Mable Koch

"She's little and shy and fair, Is this maiden of golden hair." Zetagathean

Wilma Cathryn Elsasser "Wim"

"Wilma will be a society girl, With her dimples and her spit curl."

Zetagathean.

Garwood Peeper "Peep"

"Garwood joined our ranks this year, Much to our benefit it does appear."

Concordian; Football 4; Debate Team 4; Class Play 4; Senior Play 4.

Bessie M. Free

"She's little but, Oh! my." Zetagathean; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Chorus 4; Senior Play 4.





Cleo Jean Stewman "Clee"

"Cleo loves to paint and draw,
And does it without hem
or haw."

Concordian; Art Editor Zeta-Cordia 4.

Elwin Newcomer "Newky"

"Elwin's head is full of knowledge, He'll be an addition to some college."

Zetagathean; Senior Play 4; Debate Club 4.

Mary Beatrice Sheets "Mary is a star in basket ball,
And with her our fame did
not fall."

Concordian; Basket Ball 1, 2, 3, 4; Track 3; Treas. Girls B. B. A. 4.

Carmen Burke

"Carmen's voice warbles gaily, And her sweet smile is ready daily."

Zetagathean; Vice Pres. Zetagathean Society 4; Lit-1, 2, 3, 4; Chorus 4.

Harriet Wyandt

"No matter what anyone says or does, I must be good."

Zetagathean; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; High School Chorus 4; Debate Club 4; erary Contest 1; Glee Club Literary Contest 4; Literary Editor Zeta-Cordia 4.

Mable Witzerman "Punk"

"For short we all call her "Punk," She has pep and lots of spunk."

Concordian.





Ethel Daley "E. D."

"She is jolly, fair and tall, Is this captain of basketball." Zetagathean; Basket Ball 2. 3, 4; Basket Ball Capt. 4; Debate 4; Track 4.

Clarence O. H. Hitt

"Clarence the most quiet boy we've met,
Will do something to fool
us yet."

Concordian; Senior Play 4; Track 4.

Kathryn Pauline Frappier "Polly"

"Black-eyed Polly is right in

step,
When it comes to athletics
and High School pep. Concordian; Glee Club 1,

2, 3, 4; Chorus 4; Basket Ball 1, 2, 3, 4; Business Manager Girls B. B. 4.

Laura Young "Laura with her luxuriant hair, Makes a picture sweet and fair."

Concordian.

Ernest O. Henkleman

"I couldn't be naughty, I havn't had time."

Concordian; Crchestra 1, 2, 3; Literary Contest 4; Senior Play 4.

Dorothy Marvel Lamberson "Skinny"

"Marvel sure knows how to play, For we could listen to her all day."

Concordian; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Chorus 4; Debate Club 3, 4; Debate Team 3.





Cora Boynton "Cook"

"Don't come to me for flattery,
"I'll tell you the truth."

Zetagathean; All-Of-A-Sudden Peggy 3; Dramatic

Lyndall Miller

"Lyndall with her books delights you, But she's jolly and full of fun too."

Concordian; West Unity 1, 2; Debate Club 4; Debate Team 4.

Marjorie May Palm "Midge"

"Midge is so very graceful, And her clothes are always tasteful."

Zetagathean; Glee Club 1, 2; Society Editor Zeta-Cordia 4.

Martha Louise Rambo "Weenie"

"Weenie is always in for fun, And she keeps many a man on the run."

Concordian.

George Hineman "Heine"

"George can in one little day, A stack of "bright sayings" say."

Zetagathean; Football 1, 2, 3, 4.

Ruth McGlenen

"The fun that gleams in those blue eyes, With joy and mirth will you surprise."

Zetagathean; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Chorus 4; Senior Play 4.





Velma Lucile Jerger

"Velma's pretty cheeks,
For good natured jollity
speak(s)."

Concordian; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Chorus 4.

Ivan Perkins "Perky"

"Ivan never can be good, And he wouldn't if he could."

Concordian; Debate Club 3, 4; Debate Team 4; Bus. Mgr. Zeta-Cordia 4; Track 4.

Ruth Alice Ridge

"Ruth never does tell us all she knows, But it's there as far as that goes."

Concordian; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4.

Mildred Smith

"Mildred knows how to cook and sew,
But that isn't all she knows
—Oh no!
Zetagathean.

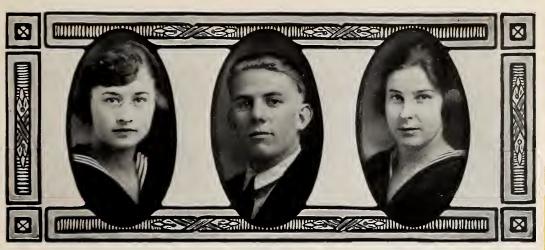
Oma Marlett

"Oma on her lessons works, And her duties never shirks." Zetagathean.

Gena Dean

"Gena never has much to say, But nevertheless the game she'll play." Zetagathean,





Lena Marie Lorentz "Lena with a pretty grace, Of sorrow shows no trace." Concordian.

Edgar Neath "Ed" "Poddy"

"All my books were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught
me."

Concordian; Football 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball Capt. 4; Track 1, 3, 4; Baseball 1; Dramatic Club 3; All-Of-A-Sudden Peggy 3; Senior Play 4; Athletic Editor Zeta-Cordia 4.

Marie Eyster

"Marie can't be still a minute, When there's anything doing she's in it."

Concordian; Basket Ball 4; Deercreek Ill. 1, 2.

Lenorma Cox "Coxy"

"What would B. H. S. have been, Without "Coxy's" cheerful grin.

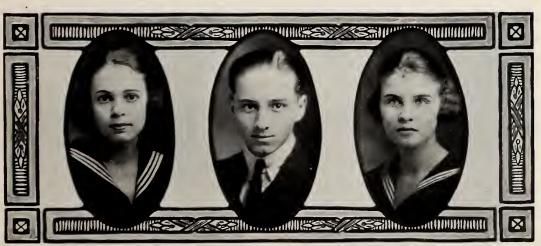
Concordian; Waite High 1, 2; Chorus 4; Senior Play Vernon Lile Salter "Salt"

"Vernon's hobby is basket ball,
A good time and Nellie, and
that's all."

Concordian; Football 4; Concordian; Glee Club 1, Basket Ball 2, 3, 4; Track 2, 3, 4; Chorus 4; Debate 3, 4; Base Ball 1; Senior Club 3, 4. Play 4.

Selma Marie Scott "Cricket"

"A more active thing we've yet to find, Than Selma's ever scheming mind."





Lucile Doughten "Lucy"

"I believe in having sport, Our Lucy always does report." Concordian; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Chorus 4.

Mable Rinkle

"Mable smiles on those who shirk, For she always knows her work." Concordian.

Laura Gertrude Priest "Priest"

"'Tis whispered that she has a beau, Maybe it's so—we don't know."

Concordian: Glee Club 3

Concordian; Glee Club 3, 4; Senior Play 4.

Ruth E. Ramsey "Her heart is true as steel." Zetagathean; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Chorus 4.

Selwyn Eugene Woods "Woods"

"Since knowledge is but sorrow's spy,
It is not safe to know."

Concordian; Orchestra 1,
2, 3, 4; Chorus 4.





Class History

All on a bright September day
The auspicious gods held kindly sway;
The planets e'en did friendly shine,
'Twas in the year of 1909.

Education opened her portals wide
And proudly welcomed us inside.
Fifteen lassies and lads so bold—
We we're, you know, just six years old.

We left behind our dolls and toys; Our books replaced our childhood joys, We tried full hard to learn each rule, And serious went each day to school.

"She" made us always toe the mark;
There was no stopping for a lark.
But time soon passed; we upward climbed;
Seven grades we'd left behind.

Exams brought smiles and tears—
The milestones of our early years.
The eighth was hardest, we confess,
Miss Hubbard would not let us "guess."

As Freshmen others joined us too,
And ninety-five our roll then knew.
They gave to us a party fine;
In High School life we were right in line.

The Freshmen year from us took toll,
The Sophomore class had a lessened roll.
As Juniors we were sixty-three,
And Seniors fifty-nine you see.

Our High School life's a tale that's told; We had our share, as those of old, Of parties, balls, exams and tests, Of fun and frolic, tears and jests.

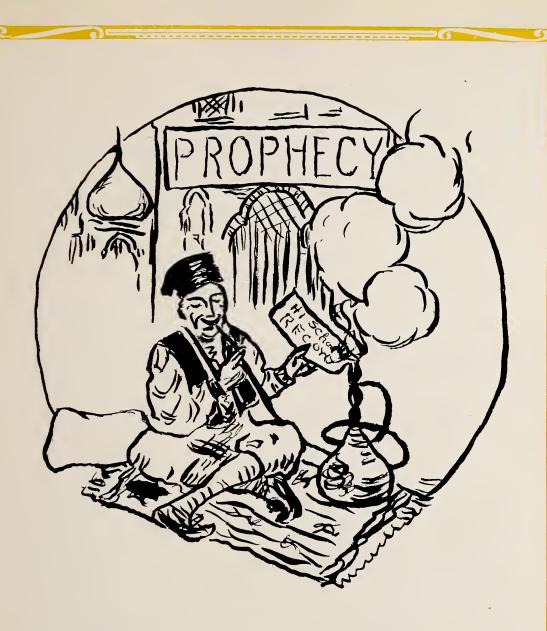
We've won our fame in every line; In music and debate we shine. In oratory, art, and studies too, In all of these is tribute due. We've done these things for Bryan High, We'll ever praise her to the sky. For us she's done much more by far; We owe to her all that we are.

We enter now the world so cold; How we shall fare is yet untold. We'll travel in divided ways, And leave behind our High School days.

We'll ever hold remembrances dear, Our friends though far, shall yet be near. On the stage of life we'll play our parts, But Bryan High will live in our hearts.

M. L. '21





Double, double, toil and trouble;
Life is but an empty bubble!
From the past we've all come from,
To the ages yet to come.
Life is but an empty dream,
Things are never what they seem!
Double, double, toil and trouble,
Life is but an empty bubble.

Class Prophecy

Let us accompany our class president on a visit to an old gypsy fortune teller, that she may tell us the fortune of each fair young woman and brave young man of the class of '21. Only by contact with some personal belonging of the individual, can she disclose the secrets of the future. So we shall take with us some well known trinkets, among them a track medal, some hair curlers, a black cameo, a large glass diamond and many engagement rings.

We enter a dimly lighted room, and a faint flicker of candle light in one corner reveals the gypsy leaning over a table. Let us approach with Uarda, and address the gypsy in a humble and tactful manner, for only to favored ones does she forecast the future events. After she receives the trinkets she will cast the fortune on a seething mass of water and sand.

The first fortune cast reveals a rich man, a banker, riding in his aeroplane, counting out his money with his diamond-studded fingers, the object of many a match-making mother. Who it is? His name—Clarence Hitt.

It fades and a second appears. Two famous ballet dancers! Lucille Doughten and Mildred Quakenbush, and the beautiful lady of society, envied and flattered by all, Maree Eyster.

Let us be silent as the pictures glow and fade, lest we break the spell. Oh! Another glowing—a fat, cranky old maid living all by herself and isolated, a certain mystery about her. Alas—the future of our President, Uarda.

Now a sad scene meets our eyes, a woman bent over the wash tub, with many children, at least twelve around her, the husband calmly smoking his pipe and letting his wife earn the living. She wearily lifts her head. It is our dear Burmah—our worst man-hater.

A newspaper spreads itself before us on the seething mass. Here is a prominent advertisement. "Madamoiselle Gertrude advocates shorter skirts next season and puts on the market her new brand of face powder, rouge and other cosmetics, prepared by special laboratory experiments assisted by her husband, Elwin Newcomer." While on the opposite page, Miss Lenorma Cox urges a reform in dress, and suggests that young girls appear in the make-up which nature provided for them.

Oh, a death—can it be true? Miss Ethel Daley dies of lock-jaw, caused by trying to explain to her Physics class the difference between gravity and gravitation. Another very sad case indeed.

The sand whirls madly now. What dire calamity is it about to picture? Four radicals are seized in Russia. Who are they? No! Yes! Lyndall Miller, Laura Young, Edna Motter and Bessie Free. How can it be?

Next we see our Wilma Elsasser a representative in Congress; telling them just how it should be done—a very prominent politician.

Now comes a patient French teacher trying to straighten out those troublesome irregular verbs. Why, it is Mable Koch and no—we must be mistaken, Helen Fisher slinging hash in a chop suey joint.

We shudder at the next revelation, our husky Pauline a failing invalid, trying every new medicine recommended for all sorts of aches and pains. There appears another adverse one, one of our best students. After her many years of toil at books she is free from them now, for Helen Hultz clerks in the basement of a large department store.

Ah! A more pleasant scene—a prosperous farmer, rich lands, and his success was due to his wife, of course. She was once Marvel Lamberson. Now we note a large bill-board. What does it say? A second Melba and Caruso, the greatest opera singers of the day—Selwyn Woods and Oneta Leu.

Joy! A circus is in the seething water! The clown a lady, Barbara Lytle; other performers, trapeze, Lena Lorentz; and Ruth McGlenen and Burnis Meech bareback riders.

Now what have we? A woman of strong mind, strong will and a strong temper, a lecturer on a strong subject—an old maid demonstrating her independence of man. Her name—Marian Henning.

Next we see Orpha Musser as the kind, sweet matron of an orphan's home, beloved by all the children.

Look quickly ere it vanishes! A light-house, a million miles from nowhere, operated by two women disappointed in love—Marjorie and Cora; their sole companion and nurse, Gertrude Priest.

Deep down in its hidden depths we see a reorganization of churches, a great stir-up for religion. Great praise is given to Vernon Salters and his wife, formerly Louise Rambo. They take the pulpit alternately, and especially commendable is the chanting of hymns by the latter, whose sweet voice brings tears to many an eye.

See these two happy brides making sunshine and music within their walls, exchanging confidences over the fence. These two could never be separated—Ruth and Marguerite Ridge.

What? Gena Dean and Mabel Rinkle operating the most noted Beauty Parlor in New York City! And Carmen Burke and Ruth Daley, their hairdresser, whose fame for marcels is chanted far and wide.

How tragic appears the sand! Another fair lad disappointed, in some love affair, has become a nun and devoted her life to going about doing good to all the world—our unmanageable Selma!

Again we see a changing scene. Mary Sheets has become a noted artist, her fame based on her oil paintings, landscapes especially noted. Poor Mrs. Shaffer, our talented Cleo, draws cartoons for a Hayseed Weekly, while her husband Paul once in a while plasters a bill-board.

Another fine picture—Orma Marlett has become very well known by her good work with the Salvation Army, while beyond that vision we see Ivan, a talented musician when young, now cleaning streets and gutters, having a record of six per hour.

A strong breeze from far off prairies—a girl of the plains. Yes, it is Ruth Ramsey and her husband, Dalton Churchman. Their ranch is a large one. Dalton never did care much for civilization so we know they are happy.

Yes, it is strange, but what a clever little jockey Homer does make for Edgar's thoroughbred. Edgar always liked excitement. We are sure he gets it on the race track.

Brighter glows the sand, and we discern a famous designer of women's garments Monsieur Hineman, assisted by his famous models, Velma Jerger, Helen Schrider, Harriet Wyandt and Helen Thiel.

We now have a second Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle, Mable Witzerman and Garwood Peepers. Europe is mad over them. But oh, what is the next? Not Ernest Henkelmann an educated *Crook!* Well, all some people need is the chance. Too bad tho', isn't it?

And the last, Oscar Witzerman and Mildred Smith in a "slap-stick" comedy. It contains a hundred laughs for every foot of film.

With feeble hands the gypsy waves us farewell. Our President shakes her head slowly as she turns and speaks, "I knew it would be awful but I'm still weak from the shock. Anyway, I'm not ashamed of them or sorry I'm President of the class after all."



JUNIOR





The Junior Class

What would High School be without the Juniors? In our class we have only boys and girls who are ready and willing to support our school in everything it does. We always try to do our part. Our very best is none too good and we hope that when we leave school next year, we will have done something for which we will be long remembered in Bryan High.

D. B. '22

Juniors

Agatha Allamong Coral Bailey Dorothy Baker Flossie Burbic Florence Guisbert Pauline Hummel Neitha Impton Isabel Ingram Karleen Leu Kathrvn Lantz Ruth Leslie Vera Martin Donelda Myers Von Hilbert George Kuehne Maenard Moon Dale Stauffer John Struble William Thomas William Ward

Edna Perkins Luella Phillips Helen Pinkerton Mildred Reichman Zepharine Robarge Irma Schlack Dorothy Smith Frances Smith Velma Stoll Leota Stauffer Velma Weber Archie Arnold Briton Beerbower Harry Beerbower Carl Boucher Eldred Brannan Raymond Cotterman Ralph Dietrich Victor Elsasser Charles Garns



Missing-the Minister



Daring "Feat"



Scandal



Pie-Face



Fishes



Miss Primi



Just Escaped



Agawazi



"Scene from Bug House"



Hard? You tell

Knowledge

SOPHS





The Sophomore Class

The Sophomore class of 1920-1921 is the best ever, with its loyal and wide-awake members. If it were not for the Sophomores what would have become of athletics? The class is interested in all school activities and highly recommended as one of the finest in Bryan High. It will long be remembered in the years to come as one of the brightest and best classes in the history of the school.

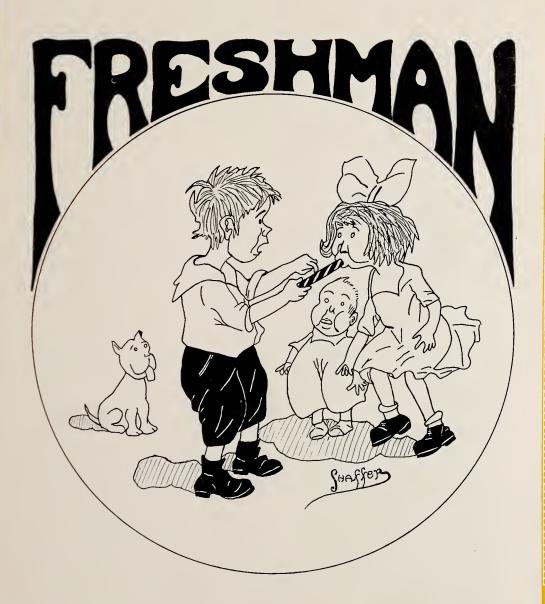
R. T. '23

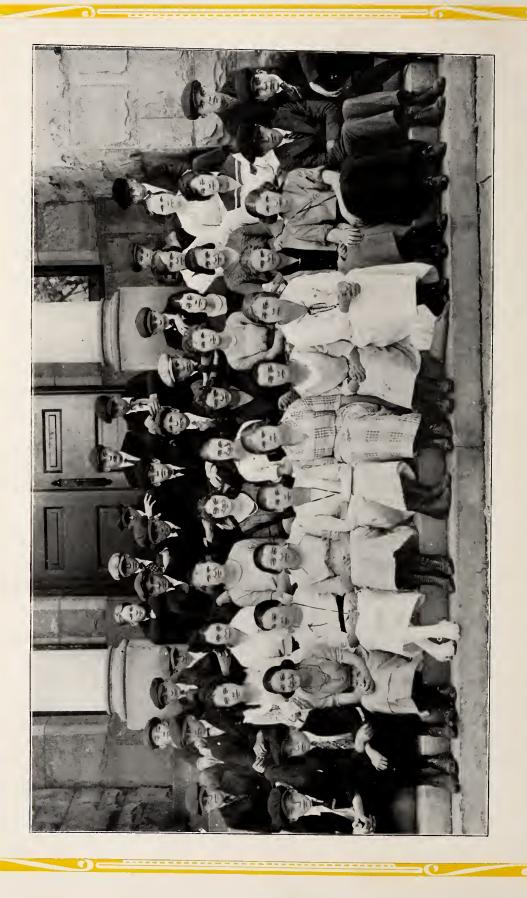
Sophomores

Lenore Ruff Erma Scott Fern Shackley Electa Stockton Dorothy Thomas Nedra Wonsettler Reva Wiland Bernice Zigler Mildred Sloan Raymond Beavers Donald Betts Herold Burgbacher Verdean Castor Harold Burkart Forest Brenner Gerald Chappuies Eugene Coil Wayne Cook Bina Conkey Stephen Corwin Raymond Easterly Eldon Elrsten Russel Everhart

Earl Dimler Franklin Henry Donald Knepper Paul Krone Denver Leidigh Charles Lovejoy Merceil Manon George Mellott Gordon Musser Christian Overholt Donald Robinson Walter Schumacher Russel Schartzer Conroy Thomas Richard Tubbs Burton Vincent Robert Ward Marian Young Robert Zimmerman Edwin Kerr Marian Benninghoff Naomi Bowlby

Lamolie Brittain Susan Castor Edna Davis Esther Diemer Burdena Downs Beulah Drout Adella Essi Grace Faber Georgià Goeltzenleuchter Telva Goetz Florence Goller Helen Hall Marion Harrold Nellie Hilbert Theodoshia Hughes Janette Kigar Vera Lindsey Ruth McClarren Grace Manon Ruth Meek Ruth Motter Lois Nebelung Emily Price







The Freshman Class

This year the portals of Bryan High School were welcomely opened to the largest and finest group of young humanity it has ever known.

Of course we are still thought to be as "Green as Squashes," although we did pass through the "Raw-meat and Blindfolding" time very bravely.

We have been loyal to Bryan High School in every way possible. We have furnished some of the best men on the foot ball and basket ball teams.

When, my dear reader, you look at the Freshman pictures and think what a good looking and intelligent looking class it is, don't forget that we are not of the disappointing type. The class of '24 will be one long-remembered by Bryan High School.

T. W. '24

Freshman

Claretta Longbrake Ruth May Olive Moore Alice Motter Lena Musser Josephine Phillips Ocena Price Mable Priest Helen Ray Marion Reed Pearl Richardson Irene Robinson Florence Salzman Ruth Sampson Bessye Six Orpha Smith Pauline Spangler Mildred Stralser Leora Stauffer Thelma Wampler Lucille Weber Irene Wonsetler Arlene Yarnell Dorothy Hesrick Margaret Demuth Donald Aungst Raymond Baker Otha Brannan Carroll Combs Harold Cotterman

Carmen Ames Marian Barber Lelah Brannan Marie Burbic Mildred Calvin Virginia Carroll Grace Cole Naomi Cunningham Elsie Erlsten Geneva Farr Fausta Gilbert Frances Grim Elizabeth Harmon Helen Haverfield Ethel Heer Marjorie Horton Zelma Houk Selma Hummel Dorothy Ingalls Marie Johnston Mabel Kelly Verda Kerr Mildred Knepper Ava Lindsey Eugenia Long Emmerson Winegardner Clarence Witzerman Owen Wyandt George Yoder

Wilbur Eaton Carrol Elsasser Wando Hesrick Harry Hester Clayton Hill Eugene Hoffman Warren Jackson Adrien Johnston Walter Klassen Fred Lamp Raymond Lauby Wallace Lawrence Paul Mallory Glenn Mansfield Pierre McKarns Harold Miller Harold Motter Arthur Morton Carlton Neff Newell Newcomer Daniel Norris Dale Overly Olin Roan Gale Salsbury Grant Schumacher Carlton Snyder Donald Stombaugh Maurice Tressler Herbert Wertz

A. R. Deweese

JUNIOR



HIGH







Junior High

The School was under the direction of Mr. McAdams, Principal of the Park School, who was also the Manual Training teacher. The other teachers were Miss Hubbard, English and History; Miss Fulton, Sewing and Arithmetic; Miss Gaudern, Music; Geography. The Drawing and Writing were supervised by Miss Whetmore, and the Music by Mr. Tubbs. There were 158 pupils enrolled.

Forty-five graduated into the Senior High School in May and for their Commencement gave a play called "Uncle Si and the Sunbeam Club," May 26, 1920.

This year school opened September 6 with 127 pupils enrolled in Junior High School. Our teachers are Miss Hubbard, Principal, teacher of English and Spelling; Miss Fulton, Arithmetic and Sewing; Miss Austin, Music and Geography, and Mr. Tressler, Manual Training, History and Agriculture.

As a reward for good behavior we have occasional rallies in the morning. We all think Junior High School a success. It prepares us to work under different teachers and makes us somewhat unworthy of the title "Green Freshies" usually applied to the Freshman Class.

EIGHTH GRADE

Bernard Connin
Kenneth Connin
Harold Dick
Clark Dimler
O. S. Eaton, Jr.
Arthur Fetzer
Kenneth Gardner
Charles Henry
DeArle Hepker
Earl Kimble
William Laffey
Blynn Lauby

Robert Lowe
William Miller
Frederick Parker
Earl Perkins
Russell Rosenbrook
Roswell Russell
Clarence Rowlinson
Dean Schartzer
Roland Snyder
Charles Vincent
Langdon Wilson
Wayne Yarnell

Howard Yound
Wannetta Austraw
LaVerne Bailey
Margaret Bunting
Lucille Castor
Opal Diehl
Naomi Glenn
Juanita Graetz
Lois Hudkins
Edith Kyser
Undine Meech
Helen Oliver

Mildred Pinkerton Edith Ramsey Gertrude Ridgway Leone Schartzer Kathryn Schon Margaret Sprow Ruth Thompson Juanita Wagner Edna Woodward Nadine Yanney

SEVENTH GRADE

Gerald Allison Gerald Bosserman John Calvin Robert Churchman Vernon Coil Elsworth Dargitz Robert DeMuth Rainey Dierks Harold Dietrich Tommy Downs Glenn Elsasser A. J. Ewan Arthur Finken Frances Frappier Jo Frappier Paul Garver Robert Gleason Sylvan Grime Walter Haenes

Victor Hesrick Robert Huffman Gerald Humbarger Lawrence Kerr Donald Laverty Robert Leek DeMaurice Mick Clark Miller Lionel Miller Richard Myers Wayne Myers Luther Neikirk Wayne Neiswender John Paine Clarence Pask Lloyd Richardson Walter Simon Richard Solier Forest Steelsmith

Doyle Stewmon John Thiel Paul Van Gundy John Vincent LeRoy Wilson Ray Woodruff La Von Yanney Erma Baerlin Mable Bankey Carmen Colter Virginia Ellis Margaret Essi Louise Etoll Freeda Garver Della Hitt Dorothy Hoffman Helen Kernen Louise Klassen Martha Kunkle

Irene Laffey Carmen Lawrence Lenore Mason Gertrude Motter Grace Sanders Evelyn Schug Pauline Shouf Helen Sidle Katherine Sigourney Marjorie Silcox Eloise Six Dorothy Smith Helen Spangler Rachel Stutler Helen Whyman Helen Winegardner Clara Young Arlene Wineland





ATHLETICS



Tubbs, Combs, Schumaker, Peeper, Elsasser, Coach White, Henry, Salter, Lovejoy, Manon, Hesrick, Beerbower, Kerr, Hineman, Lawrence, Martin, Neath, Churchman.

Foot Ball

COACH WHITE

This was Mr. White's first year of coaching football for Bryan and he proved his ability by turning out a real team. Besides that he has gained the respect and friendship of every man on the team. We hope he will be here next year.

CAPTAIN MARTIN

Martin was one of the best linemen Bryan High ever has had. He showed spirit when he shifted himself from a place where he could star to a tackle position. This is Abe's last year and his place will be hard to fill.

CHURCHMAN

Sam played hard every game and was always a man to rely upon when a few yards to a touchdown needed to be gained. Bryan High will surely miss him.

HINEMAN

"The Duke" was a star every game. Many a time he was not fit to play but he had too much grit to quit. We loose Hineman this year. His motto was "It'll work."

NEATH

Neath played an unusually good game this year, and inspired pep in the other players. His ability to handle the team in pinches made him one of the best quarterbacks Bryan has ever had. Poddy has gained much credit for himself in his last year of playing for B. H. S.

KERR

Eddie was laid up with bad shoulders but did his part in making ground. He was part of the "Lightning Express" as the backfield was called.

LOVEJOY

Lovejoy was a hard worker and showed he could "hook" passes. He played unusally good at Waite.

LAWRENCE

Wally was a good man on the defense and a bear on the offense. He made his passes accurately and quickly.

DEWEESE

Red played like a star in his first year in Garver's old place. He will make a reliable man next year.

MANON

This was Manon's first year and he seemed to take to the pigskin naturally. We expect him to continue his good work next year,

BEERBOWER

Brit deserves all the honor we can give him. Every game he fought to the end. Many think he will make a second Harley. Brit has one more year.

HESRICK

Hesrick was another one to take his first peep at the pigskin. He played very well at Adrian and ought to be a star next year.

SALTERS

"Salt" was not able to play all of every game on account of injuries, but when he did, he showed the fight that makes Bryan High famous.

HENRY

This was Henry's first year, and we expect him to be on the field next year.

TUBBS

Although one of the smallest men on the team Dick showed he wasn't afraid of any of the boys.

ELSASSER

This was Vic's first year and he played well.

CONKEY

"Bina" also was one of the smallest of the team, but whenever we had him with us we won.

Name		Position		Class
Churchman		Left Half		Senior
Salters		Right Half		Senior
Martin, Captair	1	Left Tackle		Senior
		Left End		
Neath		Quarterback		Senior
Beerbower		Fullback		Junior
Deweese		Right Tackle		Freshman
Kerr		Right Half		Sophomore
Manon		Right Guard		Sophomore
Hesrick		Left Guard		Freshman
Lovejoy		Right End		Sophomore
Tubbs		Sub. Quarter		Sophomore
Henry		Sub Tackle		Sophomore
Elsasser		Sub. Quarter		Junior
Conkey		Sub. Guard		Sophomore
Lawrence		Center		Freshman
Date	Team	Where played	Opponent	B. H. S.
October 1	Stryker	Bryan	0	49
October 8	Cathedral	Bryan	14	26
October 15	Hillsdale	Bryan	6	27
October 22	Adrian	Adrian	0	33
October 30	Waite	Toledo	17	18
November 6	Lima Central	Bryan	0	27
November 11	Garrett	Garrett	13	6
November 25	Mishawaka	Bryan	7	7
			57	193

OCTOBER 1 Stryker vs. Bryan

For our first game of the season we played our old rival Stryker. However, Stryker was not like the Stryker teams that used to come here and we defeated them easily, 49—0. Churchman was our big groundgained while Hineman starred in the defense.

October 8 Cathedral vs. Bryan

Cathedral came to Bryan for our second game and was sent home with a 26—14 defeat. Our team showed improvement although the day was warm and made the game hard to play. Combs was the real star of the game. Lovejoy put up a splendid defense.

OCTOBER 15 Hillsdale vs. Bryan

Hillsdale was Bryan's next victim. They came to Bryan with the reputation of being one of the strongest teams in Michigan. However, Bryan went into the game with the same pep shown in previous games and defeated them 27—6.

OCTOBER 22 Bryan vs. Adrian

We now journeyed to Adrian. Here we expected to have a big battle but we came out with the long end of a 33—0 score. Deweese caught a pass and made a sensational 90-yard run for a touchdown. Not to be outdone by Deweese, Hesrick, our star left guard, picked up a fumble and raced ninety yards for a touchdown.

October 30 Bryan vs. Waite High of Toledo

At last we defeated Waite at Toledo! The team played real football and cannot be given too much credit for the way they played. The first quarter ended with a score of 7—0 in favor of Bryan, but our team succeeded in making it 17—18 by the end of the game. The whole team starred but Beerbower did especially good work.

NOVEMBER 6 Lima Central vs. Bryan

Lima came to us with a good reputation and after winning a victory over Defiance. We were outweighed, but Bryan played its usual brand of football and defeated them 27–0. Beerbower was our star.

NOVEMBER 11 Bryan vs. Garrett

We went to Garrett just to fill up our schedule, and took about one hundred rooters with us, confident of trimming them. They were easily the heavier team and Bryan made a great mistake in taking Garrett for a practice game. We were defeated 13—6.

November 25 Mishawaka vs. Bryan

One of the hardest fought games ever seen here was fought Thanks-giving Day when we held the champions of Indiana to a 7—7 tie. The game was played on a muddy field, and the teams were well matched. The most interesting part of the game was when Bryan held Mishawaka on our second yard line four straight downs. Lovejoy then punted out of danger. Churchman, Hineman and Martin all starred in their last game under the purple and gold.



Velma Webber, Ruth Daley, E. Roush, Coach, Marian Henning, Emily Price, Maree Eyster, Pauline Frappier, Ethel Daley, Mary Sheets

Girls' Basket Ball

Although we can not claim to have had the best girls' basket ball team this year Bryan High School has ever had, we do feel that we have done our part to uphold the former standard of Bryan High. We started in the wrong direction at the beginning of the season by several unsuccessful but hard fought battles. In our second game with the Y. W. C. A. at Toledo, we found the best and cleanest team with which we have played. We played hard but were unsuccessful. Soon after Christmas vacation we began going in the other direction and as a result we have finished our season with ten victories out of fourteen games played.

We owe our good work to those who practised every evening to help the team, and to the "subs" who were always on hand when they were needed. Above all we owe our good work to Miss Roush, our coach, who has diligently devoted her time to helping us. Although most of the team are leaving High School this year we are hoping that next year the girls may have an even more successful season than ours has been.

E. D. '21

Schedule

OPPOSING	WHERE		
TEAM	PLAYED	OPPONENTS	B. H. S.
Butler	Butler	15	13
Toledo Y. W. C. A	Toledo	50	20
Fayette	Bryan	22	13
Sherwood	Bryan	2	52
Defiance	Bryan	4	21
Stryker	Bryan	6	47
Seniors vs. H. S.	Bryan	7	16
Defiance	Defiance	8	12
Stryker	Stryker	15	20
Auburn	Auburn	21	14
Pioneer	Bryan	9	14
Auburn	Bryan	5	29
Napoleon	Bryan	10	17
Montpelier	Bryan	10	17
	TOTAL	184	305



Boys' Basket Ball

The Basket Ball team this year was composed of nearly all new men. Although they did not win every game, they played well and never ceased fighting for their school. Much credit should be given them for their splendid work throughout the whole season.

Coach White also deserves the thanks of the High School and team for the time and work he spent in helping give us a successful team.

Salter and Churchman were the only two old men and showed real form all year. Neath, the only veteran, was out most of the year on account of injuries. We expect to see Kerr, Deweese, Thomas, Moon, Tubbs, Beerbower and Brannan there next year, and after this season's experience they ought to make a championship team.

Here's wishing the team of 1922 success for a championship five.

Schedule

OPPOSING	WHERE		
TEAM	PLAYED	OPPONENTS	B. H. S.
Alumni	Bryan	11	19
Fostoria	Fostoria	24	16
Lima	Lima	23	21
Ada	Ada	30	11
Fayette	Bryan	16	23
Cathedral	Bryan	28	24
Defiance	Bryan	22	16
Mishawaka	Bryan	26	21
Defiance	Defiance	29	12
Stryker	Stryker	11	7
Pioneer	Bryan	27	19
Wauseon	Wauseon	39	19
Norwalk	Bryan	32	8
St. Mary's	Defiance	5	31
Montpelier	Defiance	15	13
Defiance	Defiance	11	13
Bowling Green	Bryan	7	34
	TOTAL	356	307



Coach White Beerbower

Churchman Salter

Thomas Kerr

Deweese , Tubbs

Line-Up

Salters	Guard and Forward
Brannan	Forward
Kerr	Guard
Churchman	Center and Forward
Moon	Center
Neath	Guard and Forward
Beerbower	Guard
Tubbs	Forward
Thomas	Forward

Literary

"The Oriole"

"Betty Jean hurt!!??" Frantically Ruth Connley worked the receiver to try to hear better, but already the connection was cut and though she called again and again, she could get no answer.

"Oh!" she gasped, shutting her eyes to keep back the vision of her gay, pretty chum hurt—perhaps dying.

Finally, getting sufficient control of herself, she rushed into her mother's room.

"Mother," she said calmly to that dear, cherished invalid, "Mother dear, Betty Jean has been hurt and—and I must leave you for awhile!"

"Hurt!!" and Mrs. Connley's tired, patient eyes kindled with fear, "why just yesterday she was here dancing and singing away, just as she does in the play—oh it can't be true! Our little Betty Jean!" she continued almost hysterically.

"Mother dear, calm yourself—you must or I can't go, and they want me at once. She'll be allright soon—I know she will," and once more Ruth turned her back so that her Mother could not see the tears coming to her eyes—tears of fear and sorrow. At last, having soothed her mother and given hasty instructions to the servants, Ruth slipped into her little runabout and started for Ashton, twenty miles away, where the accident had taken place.

"It isn't fair—it isn't fair," she muttered to herself, as she sped down the road. "She was just getting started—tonight was to have been her big night! Oh Betty girl, why, oh why did this happen?"

Betty Jean Richardson, a pretty, lythe, brunette with big dancing black eyes, was the idol of many people's hearts, with her winsome, loving ways. All her life her one ambition had been to be a beautiful dancer—all her life she had had visions of herself winning the hearts of people with her dancing, and her lovely contralto voice. She had worked hard and long, and, at last, her master had pronounced her ready to make her debut as it were. She was to have a solo dance in a great play, and all the big critics were to be there. Betty Jean had left that morning enroute to St. Louis, where she was to be presented, and now, less than four hours before the wonderful moment, she was lying white and still in a little cot in the hospital at Ashton. It was the same sad story, the engineer had not seen the signal and numbers 10 and 3 had crashed. Nor was Betty Jean the only one that was hurt—scores had been injured and two had paid the supreme price, but to Ruth Connley there was only one person in existence.

In forty minutes after she started Ruth drew her car up at the curb and sped up the steps to the great hospital. Without thinking she bolted into the doctor's private office, and there found herself in the midst of a great crowd of weeping women and children.

"And they say the dancer won't ever be able to walk again, if she does pull thru," Ruth heard someone say.

At first the terrible calamity of that statement did not dawn on her benumbed mind, but gradually as it penetrated into her soul, she swayed and would have fallen had not the kind, elderly doctor caught her.

"Here, drink this!" he said gently, as he helped her to a chair.

At last greatly refreshed she opened her eyes and cried wildly, "Oh tell me it isn't true! Tell me Betty Jean will get thru all right!"

"There, there, dear," said the nurse, "try to think who Beatty Jean is. There are so many here now, you know," and for the first time, Ruth noticed how utterly weary the little nurse looked.

"Oh," she exclaimed, once more her strong calm self, "I'm so ashamed of myself, but when I heard that woman say that, it just stunned me! Betty Jean is the dancer, who was enroute to St. Louis, but more than that she is my dearest friend. Her last name is Richardson. Do you know? Can you tell? Oh, is it true that she'll never walk again?"

"I'm afraid, dear, that it is," replied Miss Thorton quietly, "but, of course, there is always a chance, so brace up, and fight for her. You know there is nothing like the fighting of love for a person who is ill or hurt. But I must go now, because there is so much to do."

"Miss Thorton!" Ruth exclaimed, laying her hand on the nurse's arm to detain her, "can't I help? I've had some work in first aid and my father is a doctor. I'm sure I could do something, and that would keep my mind off of things too. Please!!"

At first Miss Thorton hesitated, and then, smiling gladly, she said, "Yes—I believe you can. Come with me!"

No one will ever know how hard Ruth Connley worked that night, nor how her heart ached as she saw the people that were brought in, so broken and bruised. Betty Jean had not regained consciousness yet, so there was nothing she could do for her except hope and pray. Finally, as she was preparing to leave the ward, Miss Thorton touched her on the arm.

"Miss Connley, Miss Richardson has regained consciousness and is calling for you—will you come now? Steady dear, remember she is suffering much, and we must all be calm. Oh poor little girl—she is so brave!"

As Ruth tiptoed to the bedside of her chum she thought that she was again unconscious, as she lay perfectly motionless, all bandaged, and looking so absurdly little and broken.

"Speak to her," whispered the nurse.

"Betty Jean, Betty Jean, dear," and talking the almost lifeless hand of the little dancer she kissed it gently.

Slowly, oh so slowly, the injured girl opened her eyes, bright with suffering, and then speaking so low that Ruth had to bend over to hear her, she whispered, "Ruth—I—l—have failed!" and with a shudder that tore Ruth's heart, she trailed off into unconsciousness, before Ruth could assure here that she had not failed.

For a while she remained still and then began mumbling wildly, incoherently to herself.

"Oh! oh!" sobbed Ruth, "She thinks she didn't make good. Oh, Betty Jean, dear, don't!!"

For two black days and nights Betty Jean was delirious and then, at last she slept, a natural, peaceful sleep. When she awoke she was herself again, but oh, such a weak little Betty Jean.

Ruth bending over her, smiled confidently into her eyes and said soothingly, "Don't try to talk, dear, Ruth knows all about it. Just lie still and get well and strong again."

Slowly but surely Betty kept gaining strength, until one day, a month after the terrible accident, she was well enough to have a long talk with Ruth—a talk which Ruth had long dreaded.

"Ruth," she said suddenly, "Ruth, will I ever be able to dance again?"

Poor Ruth, what could she do? The doctor had said that perhaps she might not be able to walk again, and that, under no circumstances whatever, could she dance. And now she had to tell her something! Clenching her hands tightly, she turned her head away for one brief moment to steady her trembling lips, the, slowly facing her chum, she said gently, "Betty dear—I—I—," but she didn't have to finish for, with a low cry, Betty Jean had buried her face in her hands and was crying heart brokenly.

"Betty dear don't—please Betty, try not to cry so—I'm so sorry, honey—please dear, don't do that!" and with her arms tightly around the sobbing girl she at last succeeded in quieting her, but she scarcely knew the quiet girl that she gazed at after Betty had ceased. All the vivacity and life had gone out of Betty and she lay listlessly looking out of the window. She was not crying anymore now—but somehow Ruth would have rather she would than to lie there like that. Ruth didn't know what to do—whether to speak to her, or remain silent. She was saved the trouble by Miss Thorton coming quietly into the room.

Her practiced eye at once saw what had happened, and motioning to Ruth, she led her out into the corridor.

"Better leave her alone for awhile," she said, "You told her, didn't you? I thought so," this last in answer to Ruth's silent nod. "Let her fight it out alone—it will be much better for her. Poor girl—it must be

terrible!" Miss Thorton finished, and then added briskly, "Come, let's go for a spin! I'm off duty now, and it will do us both good, as we can do nothing for Miss Richardson."

After a half hour they came back, both greatly refreshed but both having the same question in their hearts. They were met at the door by one of the other nurses.

"How is she, Merna?" Miss Thorton asked anxiously.

"She's sleeping now, but before she went to sleep, she said to tell Ruth not to worry."

"Bless her heart," Ruth exclaimed, smiling thru her tears.

For another week Betty did not gain and the doctor finally declared there was no hope for her walking again, unless she could be interested in something. One morning, as she was waiting for her breakfast, the curtain blew gently, and a soft May breeze floated in and brushed against her cheek, and then, before she could fill her lungs with the fragrant air, she heard the beautiful, clear call of an oriole. Oh, how that happy, jubilant song cheered her and sitting up suddenly she cried, "Oh, you blessed oriole, where are you?" then, hesitating only one moment, she continued, "I'm going to see you!" And without thinking what she was doing she put her feet to the floor, and, with a glad cry, she rushed to the window.

"Betty!!" Ruth's horrified, but joyous, voice broke the silence of the still room, "Betty, how did you get over there?"

"Well," replied that young person, dimpling, "I walked over here—and, oh Ruth, I'm not going to care about not dancing any more, because I can sing, and if I can do for someone else, what that wee little oriole did for me, I'll be satisfied!" And turning her head, she gazed dreamily out of the window, while Ruth's heart sang with joy.

H. W. '21

Reclaimed

Jack O'Donnell had made his last decision. He made it leaning over the railing of Brooklyn Bridge one balmy April night while the moon looking down at him seemed to say, "Your mother and Ireland expected better things of you."

"Yes," was Jack's unspoken response, "but mother and Ireland didn't know what a beastly failure I am."

He had had just about enough of things and he had arrived at a determination which neither the calm serenity of the moon, nor the imagined reproaches of his land of the Shamrock, nor the soft voice of his mother speaking from his heart, could break.

Yes, he would end it all. There was no use prolonging the struggle—a struggle with an appetite that was fast making a beast of him. What was the use? It was born in him—this desire for drink. Had not his father died in a drunken stupor, thereby breaking his mother's heart?

He had tried—had tried honestly and there was a time when he had advanced quite a ways on the road to recovery. But his old luck was with him. New Year's night his old pal Bill, from whose clutches he had thought to shake himself free, had found him out. Bill, with two girls hanging on his arm, none too good, but dazzling to a youth who had all too lonesomely walked the straight and narrow path for a full six months, met him and asked him to join in a night of revelry.

"Oh, don't be a Sunday School kid," Bill had said, "be a sport; time enough to look long-faced and work tomorrow."

But the morning found him unfit to be looked at, much less to work. Bill could stand a night like that, but for Jack, it was either total abstinence or go to the dogs. The old craving which he thought he had done away with was upon him again, more insistent than ever. Now his job was lost, his money gone and he had no desire to start over.

Yes, he would end it all. The water didn't look cold and forbidding down there, where it rippled with the moon's rays upon it. It look inviting rather as if it beckoned him to lie down and rest.

He climbed upon the rail; he poised himself for the jump; now he was in mid-air. The water was colder than he had thought. Once he had almost used his energy to strike for the shore; but, no, he would not. He went down the second time. When he came up he was too far gone to resect, when a hand grabbed him.

From far away, he heard a voice saying, "Oh, what's the use? He probably jumped in." But the other had put him down in the bottom of the boat.

"Oh, gwan," the voice said again, "we hain't got no time if we're to get away with this goods."

"It'll take just a minute to take him over and lay him on that pier, then somebody'll find him in the morning."

It seemed hours that he lay there. As the dawn began to redden in the sky, he sat up and looked about him. He looked at the dirty water and at the squalid shacks of the slums. He couldn't even die! It was as hard to shake off life as the drink habit. Curse the hand that saved him! What next? A miserable day and another night with those who were strangers to respect?

But people were beginning to stir. He would have to move on, or a policeman would come along and tell him to go, or worse still, arrest him. He might even be mixed up in a robbery of the night before, for he had a hazy idea that his rescuers were river thieves, making away with goods stolen from the warehouses.

At this point in his musings, he noticed that a man with a doctor's identification mark, the well known medical case, had come out of one of the shacks and was approaching him. He really must move now, but the move was only a stagger. He owed the fact that he did not fall to the quick arm of the doctor, whose sarcastic smile belied the kindness of his action.

"Nothing to do but fight booze," he said.

"You're right, doctor, but I'd never have to fight it again if that fool hadn't pulled me out of the river last night."

"Coward," said the doctor, "why not play the game?"

"What's the use with the odds against you?"

"If you're as ready as that to quit this world, I'll show you a way to quit it like a man."

In a few short sentences, the doctor explained that in a week he was due to sail to Lebra, the island of lepers, to make an investigation of that disease under special permit of the government. He had been unable to find an assistant ready to run the risk of never seeing the United States again.

"It's your chance to do a man's job," he finished, "take it or leave it."

"But the booze——"

"I'll guarantee that if you go with me, I'll break you of that little habit before the ship lands at Lebra. Of course it won't be exactly a pleasure trip."

"May I think it over a bit?"

"He who hesitates—," began the doctor, "but I don't want any one who isn't sure he wants to go. If you're out of cash, take this to tide you over. Meet me in the lobby of the Boody at nine, tomorrow."

That night Jack O'Donnell sat in his favorite cafe in his favorite seat. As his favorite dancer did her stunt, Jack sat and looked at the glass in front of him and the wine in it was red. He had been brought back from death but the fight still raged within him. The lure of bright lights, dancing feet and red lips was strong upon him. Death——, complete rest; the idea had been pleasant; but a living death midst the loathsome horror of leprosy, with the chance that he, too, might contract the disease and die inch by inch, was a different matter.

The doctor had not taken the trouble to point out to him the glory of the sacrifice. He reflected, "Perhaps he thought there was man enough in me to see it myself." Dad once said, "Live up to your mother, son, not to a wreck like me."

Here was a chance to do something for humanity. "Take it or leave it," the doctor had said.

Rita had come down and was sitting at his table. How leering her face looked beneath the rouge! "What's the matter, Jack?" she said, "this is no funeral."

A feeling of disgust swept over him. The contrast between the life that was his—a life of which this creature was a symbol—and the life of self-sacrifice, that was in his thoughts sickened him. He pushed his glass away, rose abruptly from his table and left the room without a backward glance at the girl. His decision was made. A week later, the Laconia sailed out of the harbor of New York and to Jack's excited imagination, it seemed that the Statue of Liberty was smiling a farewell as he sailed out into the unknown. He had given himself unreservedly and faced the future without a doubt or questioning. He could not know that the Statue of Liberty would wear the same smile, a smile of welcome and not of farewell, when he came sailing back into the harbor after fifteen years. Nor could he know that he would be greeted with Dr. James as the co-discoverer of the wonderful cure of leprosy, the hitherto incurable disease. You have read of the discovery in the Digest.

The deeper significance of the story of the young man assistant has lain hidden. He fought the fight, and it was not a losing fight. He faced the future with clear eyes, unafraid, for his enemy had lost its power over him.

K. K. '22

Literary Societies

This year Literary Societies were revived in High School, and called by the old names, Zetagathean and Concordian. Everyone feels that these societies are well worth while, and that they contribute to a broader and more interesting High School life. Talents already have been discovered which otherwise would have remained hidden. It is no easy thing to appear before the whole school and give a vocal or piano solo, reading, oration or debate, but it gives us all a greater confidence in ourselves. Moreover, education is not confined to class room work, and those societies open up new fields of education. We are benefited by actually taking part in the programs, and by listening to others.

The first program was given by the Zetagatheans, who put forth their best efforts and obtained good results. The Concordians and Zetagatheans both gave a short play. The following programs were strictly literary.

We give our thanks to the teachers who have helped us start the societies, and worked out the programs, especially to Miss Marshall and Miss Krill who were our faculty advisors.

We hope that in the future these societies may not sink into oblivion as they did the past two years, but become better and practical societies.

O. L. M. '21

The Debate Club

The Debate Club this season is proud of the fact that the average attendance outnumbered that of last year. The regular meetings were held on Tuesday evening of every week. All the members took a lively interest in the meetings, and always entered the floor-debates. Several times the club was successful in getting the majority of the teachers and a few outsiders to attend the meetings.

The debates were generally discussions of present day questions, such as the Immigration question, the Presidential campaign, and Economic and Industrial questions. Perhaps the debate which succeeded in drawing the largest crowd was the one held on election evening which discussed the presidential election, the attendance numbering nearly fifty.

But the question which aroused the most interest and excitement was that regarding the entrance of the United States into the League of Nations as it exists today. It is one of America's greatest problems, and is of such great importance that it was made the subject of the Triangular Debate, composed of Wauseon, Napoleon and Bryan. The negative contested with Napoleon, April 1, '21; the affirmative with Wauseon, April 6, '21.

Those who took part in the debate from Bryan were as follows:

Affirmative
Ivan Perkins
Orpha Musser
Garwood Peeper

Negative Lyndall Miller Helen Schrider Homer Martin

It is our desire that the debating club this year will produce an orator worthy to carry on the prestige which Bryan High has won through her oratorical representations of former years.

F. L. M.

Literary Contest

Bryan this year entered into a literary and musical contest with the other High Schools in the county. We as usual have upheld the standard of our school, and have shown that B. H. S. is a winner not only in athletics, but also in literary work.

The first contest was held at Stryker, on April 8, and over a hundred students went there to hear it. The crowd was an enthusiastic one, and by its cheers did much to help the contestants win.

We were fortunate to win the decision in five numbers. Dorothy Baker and Vera Martin won over Pioneer in the vocal duet, "Somewhere a Voice is Calling."

The next honors were taken by Gertrude Brown in her oration, "America's Supreme Task" which emphasized the fact that education is the firm foundation of democracy and "must be maintained so that the government of the people, for the people and by the people shall not perish from the earth." Her oration won over Pioneer's "America and the World War."

The vocal solo, "I Hear You Calling Me," also against a Pioneer contestant, was won by Carmen Burke.

The essay "Dreams," written by Kathryn Lantz won first place over the one from West Unity.

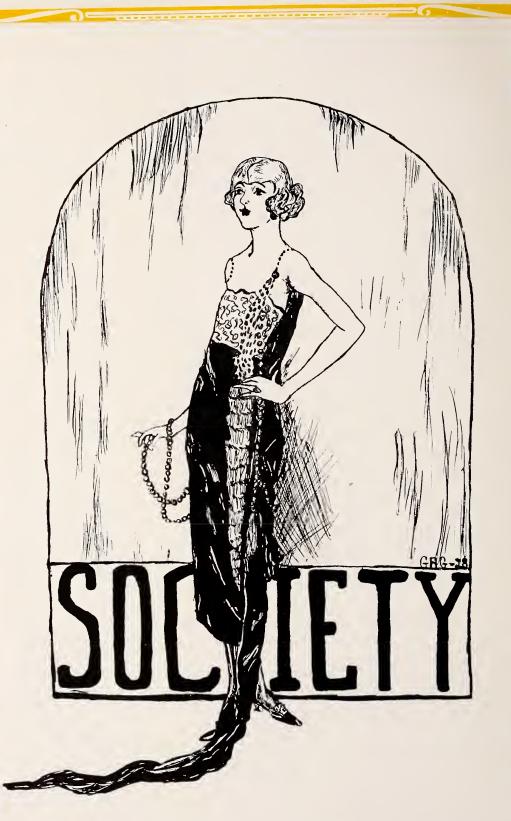
"The Oriole," an original story by Harriet Wyandt, snatched away Stryker's hopes, and added to our points.

While our other contestants did not win first place they did their part with great credit. Eugenia Long read "The Going of the White Swan." Ernest Henkleman gave an extemporaneous speech, on "The Great Movement from the Farms, a Menace to this Country;" Florence Guisbert proved herself a very skilful pianist, one that Bryan can be proud of.

Probably the biggest number of the evening was the debate "Resolved that the government should own and operate the coal mines," supported on the affirmative by Harriet Wyandt and Oneta Leu. Bryan had the unpopular side, but presented their arguments in a clear and pointed way.

The literary contest has revived much enthusiasm for the better things in school, and has been of great interest to all. In the entire contest Bryan won seven points, and we hope that our school will come out ahead in the final contest between all winners in the county, which comes May 4, too late to be given in this number of Zeta-Cordia.

H. H. '21



Freshman Reception

Bryan, Ohio. October 23, 1920.

Cousin Jim:---

Here's letting you know that Bryan Hi is a live wire when it comes to dealing with Freshmen. In order to convince you, I shall relate a few incidents which took place on the evening of October twenty-second.

The Freshmen were anxiously awaiting their reception. But it was put off until school work was well under control and a suitable Friday evening could be found. After the date was announced, the anxiety of the Freshmen was turned to fear by the threatening speeches of upper classmen. The Freshies doubted whether they would arrive safely at the end of the excitement or whether their still feeble constitutions would succumb to such great trials and taxations as a Freshman Reception brings with it. Some even refused to come, if all were accomplished which was promised by the upper classmen. The committee, having feared a stubborn outburst, succeeded in subduing this juvenile rebellion by wording its invitation thus: "Upper classmen are cordially invited to attend the Freshman Reception but teachers and Freshmen are warned to be present."

Consequently, at eight o'clock on that fateful evening the Freshmen had disappeared into a mysterious chamber and a throng of upper classmen had assembled in the "Gym" to witness either the fame or the failure of the Freshmen in making their first attempt to appear before "educated society." The chairman having anticipated the extent of the average High School purse, requested the girls to don their aprons and the boys their overalls. Really, it was a pleasing sight to see such a lively bunch at their ease in ordinary wearing apparel.

Soon after the upper classmen had gathered, shrieks and wails from the advancing Freshmen made themselves audible. Since no Freshman can walk the path to success unaided, a rope was stretched to guide him safely to his goal. But as all experienced human beings know that none can attain success without more or less hindrance, the rope was so constructed that various shuddering and gruesome impediments, were suspended from it. In order that the spirits of our young hopefuls might not be depressed, helping hands steered them to sure success.

As you are aware, no reception is complete without music, therefore an orchestra furnished charming numbers, and a famous "negro" chorus led by a more famous "negro" instructor rendered jolly selections with notable artistic skill.

Among various stunts the teachers' pie eating contest needs special mention; since it portrayed the rate at which even ladies relish pie. The booths which were constructed to display our freaks were a new feature, and demonstrated to everyone that Bryan Hi was not lacking in two-inch dwarfs, giants and menageries.

I have saved the best for last, but I need not ask you to guess it, since everyone, especially boys, think this the most important and enjoy-

able part of all social functions—"eats." These consisted of cider, popcorn and ice cream sandwiches. Then we were at liberty to adjourn at our leisure.

Say Jim, how does a Bryan Hi Reception strike you? Well worth while, don't you think?

Accept the best wishes from Bryan Hi and especially, From your Cousin,

JACK.

E.H.

Freshman Party

The Freshmen were going to have a class party and on Friday evening, November 12, the Gym was all lighted up. This was to be an eventful night and by 7:30 over half of the "Record Freshman Class of B. H. S.," was there. We didn't meet at Culbertson's Drug Store but went directly to the gym and on time.

It is needless to say that the fun was fast and furious. All joined in the games and lived up to their names of "Noisy Bunch" and "Frivolous Freshmen."

Refreshments were served and then followed the Virginia Reel. Other dancing was indulged in until the late hour of eleven o'clock when our chaperons decided that we must go home.

E. P. L. '24

Sophomore Party

"Oh, hello! I've been wanting to see you. Did you go to the Soph party last Friday night?"

"You bet I did! You surely did miss something by not going."

"I'm sorry. What did you do? Did you have Miss Roush for chaperon? Tell me all about it."

"Oh, that would take too long to tell you *all* about it. I'll just tell you the main details. It was awfully cold and rainy."

"Did many of the kids go?"

"Did you ever know rain or cold weather to keep a Soph home from a party? There was a crowd and we had a dandy time. Some of the kids had decorated Electa's house with black and orange crepe paper, and jack-o-lanterns. We played several different games and usually there were two or three going at a time on account of the crowd. They had doughnuts, apples, cider and sacks of popcorn for the eats."

"Oh! dear, I wish I'd gone. There goes that bell and there are a dozen questions I'd like to ask yet."

"See you at noon."

E. E. P. '23

Sophomore Melon Feast

Bob Ward offered his home for another of our Sophomore parties. At seven-thirty one night in October about fifty Sophs, with Miss Roush and Mr. White as "chaps", met at B. H. S.

After a few mishaps such as blowouts, we arrived. Everyone was ready for a good time and we surely had one.

We did so many things it would be impossible to mention them all. Miss Roush proved herself quite a musician and we discovered some Caruso's and Alma Gluck's in our crowd.

We had a real melon feast and a few gallons of cider besides. No one wanted to leave for home and all declared the party a decided success.

E. E. P. '23

Junior Party

It was a cold night in February and a bunch of Junior boys and girls collected at the High School enroute to the first Junior party of the year. Miss Krill chaperoned, Mr. White having a date, was unable to go along, to the disappointment of all concerned.

We spent a lot of time waiting at the High School for everyone to get to-gether. "Grandpa" Boucher was the last to arrive, and we knew it was because of a date. However, all finally arrived at Dorothy Smith's.

What a great time we had! Broken hearts were mended, we danced and had a general good time. About nine o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Langworthy walked in and surprised us most pleasantly.

Oh! the eats! Bill Thomas' plate was ready to break and every one ate till they declared they could eat no more.

Miss Krill said she was always used to going to bed early and so about 11:30 we started home again through the mud. The good time was well worth the trip.

N. I. '22

Faculty Celebration

The Faculty had a party. What! Where! When! Well it was one night in February and it was a most hilarious affair. It was at Mr. Baker's and they pulled all the shades down—except one. The mystery is unfolded, for if it were not for that, the tale would never be told. I never knew our staid and solemn Faculty could "let loose" like they did. The house fairly shook with shrieks and loud laughter, and the piano was busy the entire evening.

Lots of funny things happened. They first entertained themselves with old-fashioned games such as "poor pussy", "pass the ring", and "fruit basket." Some of them made funny looking cats and I noticed they took a special pick on Miss Roush, for she could not keep her face straight at all. Once the fruit basket had a most disastrous upset. Maybe I'd

better not mention it except to say that Miss Marshall and Mr. Waters both got the same chair—by mistake *entirely* I assure you.

Then the crowd devoted their time to crackerjack and apples and started to make fudge and taffy. Melodious songs reached my ears. I suggest right here that we call on Mr. Baker for a solo some day. We never know what talent lies hidden in our midst. Good old "jazz" filled the air and by the request of Miss Bryan they played several times the "Kiss Me Again" waltz.

The last part was the best, although I can't describe it exactly. They made the spirits move and lifted numerous ones high into the air by one finger. Mr. Shuman and Mr. White were lifted by other means than the spirit, however. Pulling by one hair of the head started it, but a pin applied through an unsuspicious looking chair to the lower regions, finished it much more quickly.

Presently a davenport was pushed out from the wall and behind it stood Mr. Shuman, Waters and White. I think they were called Faith, Hope and Charity. Behind the davenport crouched Miss Roush. I saw Miss Roe ushered in, and she sat down before Mr. White blindfolded. Out slipped Miss Roush and implanted a kiss on our teacher's cheek. The expression caused thereby is worth recording.

Well the taffy didn't "taffy," and there was a sticky mess on the back porch. Mr. Waters finally ate his off his fingers. I shall never tell what time they left for home, but I'm sure the taffy was to blame; it didn't get done on time.

St. Patrick's Fair

It was March 17th, that Bryan Hi had a "real-for-sure" gathering at an indoor St. Patrick's Fair and Irish Vaudeville. It was given by the Seniors, and was held for a special purpose, to raise money for the Annual. The gym was beautifully decorated for the occasion with a lacy green and white ceiling of crepe paper. Students in Bryan Hi are always willing to spend their money—for pleasure, and so nearly filled the gym. There was quite a variety of dress. We always appear in gingham at special functions, and many green creations were noticed.

The first of the entertainment was a series of songs, and under the leadership of the Honorable Homer we made the gym ring with the "old-timers," such as "K-K-Katy," and the "Long, Long Trail." We really felt young again. Several clever stunts were staged, and then came the Irish Vaudeville on which appeared the Hibernian Concert Company and two Irishmen "straight from the ould countrie."

A grand march followed, after which we had a chance to do our part. At the different booths there was found home-candy, pop corn, punch and ice cream sandwiches.

Dancing completed the evening's fun, and everyone left, wearing their broad Irish smiles.

M. P. '21







Glee Club

Coral Bailey
Dorothy Baker
Edna Davis
Lucile Doughten
Adelle Essi
Pauline Frappier
Bessie Free
Florence Goller
Florence Gulsbert
Helen Mae Hall
Marian Harrold
Dorothy Hesrick
Selma Hummel
Velma Jerger
Majel Kelly
Ava Lindsey

Barbara Lytle
Vera Martin
Ruth McGlenen
Donelda Myers
Helen Pinkerton
Ocena Price
Emily Price
Gertrude Priest
Ruth Ramsey
Marguerite Ridge
Ruth Ridge
Zepherine Robarge
Dorothy Smith
Frances Smith
Reva Wiland
Harriet Wyandt

Mrs. Vollmer, Accompanist

Glee Club and Chorus

Bryan High School this year has been fortunate in having a very good Glee Club. While they have not had as many public performances as is customary, the girls have worked hard and have been greatly benefited.

Mr. Tubbs is, and always will be an invaluable instructor. He has worked faithfully and patiently with all his classes, and it is to him that the school owes its advancement in music.

A mixed chorus of fifty members was organized this year in High School. It is quite a novelty, and everyone has entered into it enthusiastically. The cantata entitled, "The Village Blacksmith," was given in public performance, and also the cantata "Plantation Days." While this is only a beginning, we are sure that Bryan can expect much from its chorus in the future.

H. W. '21



Lauby, Thomas, Garns, Augnst, Tubbs, Prof. Tubbs, Woods Boucher, Dimler, Guisbert, Bailey, Myers Henklemann, Musser, Wyandt

Orchestra

The orchestra this year with a few new members has done excellent work. Although they have not been called upon to display their talent, they have willingly met every Thursday evening for practice.

Every member has endeavored to be present at each practice and thus created a spirit of enthusiasm which enabled them to gain not only instruction but pleasure as well.

In the following year they expect to see many who are not in the orchestra at present, join the organization and help to make it a success.

The High School fully appreciates the sincerity and untiring devotion of Mr. Tubbs, who has greatly developed this organization.

G. M. '23

Senior Play

The Senior Class of 1921 staged "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," by Anne Warner. Aunt Mary who has never been to New York, nor yet has ever acquired any of New York's ways, disinherits her nephew for various misdemeanors for which he is suspended from college. They say that he shot at a cat, hit a cook, and killed a cabman. His friends take up the matter, and as a result Aunt Mary comes to New York. They show Aunt Mary a royal time during her short stay there. As a result she adopts New York's ways, forgives her nephew, and he gives up his wild ways.

There is real humor abounding throughout. The hired man and the housekeeper, as well as the lawyer, belong to Aunt Mary body and soul. The staid butler, the girl from Kalamazoo, Jack and his chums, Betty and Daisy Mullins lend to the wit in their own peculiar way.

Aunt Mary "Watkins"	Uarda Bailey
John Watkins Jr., Denham "Jack"	Edgar Neath
Burnett (Robert)	Vernon Salter
Mitchell (Hubert Kendrick)	Garwood Peeper
Clover (H. Wyncoop)	_Dalton Churchman
Mr. Stebbins, Aunt Mary's Lawyer	Clarence Hitt
Joshua	Elwin Newcomer
James	_Ernest Henkleman
Bertha Burnett, Burnett's sister—afterwards "Granic	e"Bessie Free
The Girl from Kalamazoo	Lenorma Cox
Lucinda—Aunt Mary's property body and soul	Gertrude Priest
Daisy Mullins, a villager	Gertrude Brown
Eva	Ruth McGlennen

SEPTEMBER

FRI.	10	Once again we have assem. Next the schedule did applied, bled, And on how the Freshmen And nuch commotion we trembled.	17	Then a rally we did hold, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton. For the Purple and the And votes for Art drew at Just to see the "Polo For no lessons have been Race."	24	When bobbed hair became Spat, spat, a "Denocrat." The High School chorus has from the fashion. Spat,		it in front
THURS.	6	Then our seats we han hunt, Each and every little	16	Now to the "Fair" we range, Just to see the "Race."	23	It shrieked and growled and roared and howled, The High School chorus has been wound.	30	Jack was trying to si the air, Just to avoid that old f
WED.	8	Next the schedule did appear, And much commotion we did hear.	15	did hold, ton, ton, and the Achiors held elec- Now to the and the And votes for Art drew at Just to tention.	22	Mr. Clark we all could trace, By the "War Paint" on his face.	29	thru John! John! Miss Bryan Jack was trying to sit in called, Clark Come and let us out of the Just to avoid that old front chair.
TUES.	7	Once again we have assem- Next the schedule did approper Then our seats we had to pear, And oh how the Freshmen And nuch commotion we hant, trembled.	14	Then a rally we did hold, For the Purple and the Gold.	21	When bobbed hair became Paul and Marvel had a Mr. Clark we all could It shrieked and the fashion, spat, "Cause Paul called Marvel By the "War Paint" on his The High School chion.	28	gy fell Mr. feet.
MON.			13	The Freshmen receive an invitation, Not to do so much communication.	20	When bobbed hair became the fashion, Reva was the main attrac- tion.	27	Weenie wanted to know Midge in Biolo one morn, If sheep were goats with Which made out no horns.

OCTOBER

FRI.	when on the held we did meet, Stryker suffered a great de- feat.	8	hard eider As the fire bell made a Cathedral from Toledo came sound, And from them we won the did bound, did bound.	15	Feachers prove to be a When our papers we did Mr. Clark so full of hilarity their fate, when they give so many The grades all ranged from Nearly lost his popularity. When they left the Bryán gate.	22	A country fair will be held The Physics Class their When the Grade Cards did The Freshman Reception in the Gym, Please come in gingham, Just to learn of things un. The teachers met the pupils For the class of twenty-calico or scrim.
THURS.		2	it on the Miss Roush hard cider As the fire bell made a recommends, sound, sound, Marshall From the beginning to the The students from the room door.	14	Mr. Clark so full of hilarity Nearly lost his popularity.	21	When the Grade Cards die appear, The teachers met the pupils with fear.
WED.		9	r	13	prove to be a When our papers we did see, y give so many The grades all ranged from A to Z.	20	The Physics Class their house made clean, Just to learn of things unseen.
TUES.		ಬ	ed to si Miss in the	12		19	
MON.		4	Today from the menagerie Baldy tri-did escape, thomse, a bee and a rat-last as thesnake.	11	Please call the coroner, For it's getting fair and warmer.	18	There's something in the air, Now just what and where?

NOVEMBER

S. FRI.	2	ox and Harding are the The elephant and the don-two eandidates, key put out to sea, two eandidates, a big And the elephant ran the Tells us how birds fly thru And tells how the boys won debate.	12	Garret's great big husky ginks, Put our boys on the blinks.	19	chool is infested with Midge and Weenie sell Harold stands in the corner The Physics class burn a vool soeks and spats. Their hats, there, touge and "Zar- And rent the Gym to home- Very near Mrs. Vollmer's Which causes the breezes its. The Physics class burn a chair.	26	ON VACATION
THURS	4	don- Schwyn, who has plexion so fair, the Tells us how bird the air.	11	Hip, hip hurray, our 'T'is Armistice di	18	sell Harold stands in there, me- Very near Mrs.	25	rad- rted VACATION
WED.	က	The elephant and the d key put out to sea, And the elephant ran donkey up a tree.	10	The School Board a vacation grants, Giving us time to visit our Tis Armistice day.	17	_	24	Thanksgiving program ed with a bark, When a dog was presento Mr. Clark.
TUES.	2	In Bryan there was a very cox and Harding are the The elephant and the don-bas holds scream, two eandidates, two and Harding are the The elephant ran the Tells us how birds doubter than the Tells us how birds doubter the first the air.	6	got the Miss Roe a lecturer to be, The School Board a vacarent them rece.	16	The teachers on the war School is infested with Midge and path run, wool socks and spats. Their hats, Thinking that we are too Marcels, rouge and "Zar And rent the ies" rats.	23	Carmen appeared to feather Grade Cards' signatures all Thanksgiving program endout, Because all songsters do no And it isn't because we When a dog was presented have the same name.
MON.	1	In Bryan there was a very Calbud scream, When we beat Waite's Webootball team.	8	Linua Central got the "weeps." 'Cause Bryan swept them off their feet.	15	The teachers on the war- Son that run, Thinking that we are too Mannb.	22	Carmen appeared to feather out, Because all songsters do no doubt.

DECEMBER

MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.
		П	23	က
		Mr. Clark with his hands Caesar was born in 1759, full of dirt. Suggests fried fish-worm wine.	Caesar was born in 1759, Says Heine after drinking wine,	Gingham collars and cuffs of blue, Are worn by Marian (R) 'cause they're new.
9	2	&	6	10
Lenorma said one morning after eight, Macaulay lost 700 pounds (700 £) in debate.	Lenormus said one morning An aviator flew so close to hand to the wall, the wall, the wall, the wall, the wall, the wall, the wall a tete, the wall hand a tete have begun, a tete, the wall hand were scarcely no Which were found in the Results were they slept the bricks left at all.	History Class pointed out many flaws, Which were found in the old "Blue Laws."	the wall, the were searcely no Which were found in the bricks left at all. History Class pointed out Helen and Ivan had a tete A School week program we have begun, a tete, the wall a tete have begun, bricks left at all.	A School week program we have begun, To show just how our schools are run.
13	14	15		
Roush and Shuman and other pairs, Watched Virginia toboggan I the stairs.		Steely" a basketball star Clark in his brown suit acts of yore, so graff, shatered today the assembly That we forget that we door.	⋖	MERRY
$_{ m XMAS}$	AND A	HAPPY	NEW .	YEAR

JANUARY

FRI.	7	Resolutions are made by A beautiful day is the seene West, of this plot, out the work is undone. West, West, Don't get excited it's Pol- For Mr. Clark and his bride are about.	14	Vernon gets his walking The teachers say we are so The school revives the We have nothing for this In basket ball our girls do paper, "punk," Cons and Zetes, space, space, Thrust upon him by Mr. So we will just up and Now we'll have many liter. Just imagine you see your And we surely do think. Baker.	21	FINALS FINALS FINALS		•
THURS.	9	Marian (H) with a diamond appears, Don't get excited it's Pol- ly Frappier's.	13	We have nothing for this space, Just imagine you see your face.	20	FINALS	27	re- The annual staff gives us a little play, be- And tells us this is tag day.
WED.	5	A man from way out in the West, Told us always to "Shine" our best.	12	The school revives the Cons and Zetes, Now we'll have many literary treats.	19	FINALS	26	form, Giving short lessons be-And tells us this is tag darganse we are worn.
TUES.	4	are made by A beautiful day is the secue A man from way out in the mond of this plot, West, West, and And many pople are taking Told as always to "Shine" Don't go and our best.	11	The teachers say we are so "punk," So we will just up and "flunk."	18	Mr. Baker our professor so 'Tis the night before exams wise, Gave us questions to de- And it is too late to cram.	25	Everyone is saying in class. They're not in style this year.
MON.	က	Resolutions are made by everyone, Por exams are near and work is undone.	10	Vernon gets his walking The teachers paper, "punk" "punk"." Baker. "Hunk"	17	Mr. Baker our professor so wise, Gave us questions to devise.	24	Everyone is saying in class, "Did I pass,"

FEBRUARY

	3		7	F
MON.	TOES.	WED.	THURS.	FKI.
		2	င	4
		On Feb. 2nd, 1920, The Football boys ate a plenty.		Roush and Shuman made speeches of pep, Telling us how to save our "REP."
2	8	6	10	11
He has cleaned his neck and ears, For the nurse is coming he hears.	An itch epidemic came into the school, And those who had it left as a rule.	He has cleaned his neck the school, the school, treat, treat, the nurse is coming he And those who had it left Which Emily had rolled And Bang! goes a button And ate pickles around the street.	Gertrude squirms around in her seat, And Bang! goes a button very fleet.	irms around in $\begin{array}{ c c c c c c c c c c c c c c c c c c c$
14	15	16	17	18
Miss Dauterman in French held sway, And we regret that she's gone away.	Stories for the contest we must write, And the teachers say they have to be just right.	Stories for the contest we reming, evening, And the teachers say they All our lessons we'll be We awarded B's of gold. By the way, he preaches.	To our Football boys so bold, We awarded B's of gold.	Lem in French class teaches, By the way, he preaches.
21	22	23	24	25
Mr. Waters appears in this scene, Also the cup won by our team.	In biology a stone road was built, So the big bugs could walk on stilts.	In biology a stone road was Many in their exams have built, built, So the big bugs could walk Therefore SPECIALS come You look, on stilts.	No matter when or where you look, You'll see an agent with a book.	By this program we can see, Cons have learned to say, A B C.

MARCH

		, "Don't ys don't		ince went, ers they		from Bowling team both fat		e it does sket Ball
FRI.	4	The Badges said smoke on me," To this the bo	11	Our teams to Defiance With many cheers were sent.	18	Mr. Stout from Green, Brought a team and lean.	25	the How very strange it does seem, ga. Not to see our Basket Ball team.
THURS.	က	Ed escorts Cook home at This little rhyme was ent smoke on me," While he whistles a merry The Faculty Censors saw it To this the boys don't tune.	10	Save each and every penny, Our teams to Defiance went, forlorn, To buy a sack of crisp Pop were sent. Corn.	17	The Gym we see in Green and White, St. Patrick's Fair is held to-nite.	24	by
WED.	2	Ed escorts Cook home at moon, While he whistles a merry tune.	6	WHAT: WHEN! WHERE!	16	Physics Class the stu-A photographer came into and White, and White, class, a result—a big explosion And took picture of every St. Patrick's Fair is held Brought a team both fat and lass.	23	r, Seniors waged war."
TUES.			8	Henna hair is now in style, Miss Roush enjoys playing And you can see it for a dice, mile. "Putts" Cotterman has told us thrice.	15	In Physics Class the students played, As a result—a big explosion was made.	22	Lenorma surely will meet Garwood asks where licen. To Mr. Bake, her fate, ses are bought, a bore, thought.
MON.			7	Henna hair is now in style, And you can see it for a mile.	14	Some naughty burglars In broke the doors, And put whitewash on the As floors.	21	Lenorma surely will meet her fate, For to-nite she has a date.



I'm Going To Be____???

~	3.6
Gertrude Priest	Married
Cora Boynton	Me too
Burmah Blair	An old maid
Paul Shaffer	An artist
Ivan Perkins	Helen's husband
Art Bailey	
Paul Krone	
Elwin Newcomer	
Dale Smith	An athlete
Midge Palm	Lem's wife
Gerald C	
Selma Scott	
Lucy Doughten	
Weenie Rambo	
Wilbur Eaton	Funny
Owen Wyandt	Just like dad
Lois Neblung	A nun
Telva Goetz	A vamp
Herbert Wertz	A janitor
Electa S.	
Marguerite R	

MISS MARSHALL—"What do you know about Robinson Crusoe?"

BILL THOMAS—"Well, he was an acrobat."

MISS M.—"No, he was not."

BILL T.—"Oh yes he was. It said in the book, that after every meal he sat on his chest."

Mr. Shuman—"Give one of the most memorable dates in Ancient History."

DICK TUBBS—"Anthony's date with Cleopatra."

MISS KRILL—"What is hypocrisy?"

MERCEIL M.—"Hypocrisy is a cripple."

MISS KRILL—"Well, I suppose he is crippled some place if he is a hypocrite."

MR. WHITE—"Give the signs of aggregation."

HERBERT WERTZ—"The brackets and braces and the ambulance."

ELECTA S.—"Why does Mr. Wyandt's head remind you of Heaven?" VERA LINDSEY—"Because there is no parting there."

What are all the Freshmen made of?
Lots of nerve and push and shove,
Blended together with puppy-dog love.
That's what the Freshmen are made of.

What are all the Sophomores made of?
Sugar and Laziness,
Silliness and Craziness,
That's what Sophomores are made of.

What are Juniors made of?
Spices, bluff and foam,
Which causes empty domes,
That's what Juniors are made of.

What are all the Seniors made of?
Owls and parasites and eyes,
Which make 'em think they are so wise,
That's what Seniors are made of.

U. S. HISTORY STUDENT (as he enters exam room) —"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget, Lest we forget."

MR. SHUMAN—"Your answer, Paul, reminds me of Quebec."

PAUL—"How's that?"

MR. SHUMAN—"Because it is founded on a bluff."

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WHY

CARROL C.—"What is the most important part of an automobile?"

MISS ROUSH—"The seat."

SURE ENOUGH

MISS KRILL—"Why do we remember Louisa Alcott?"

IVAN P.—"For little women."

IT MUST BE PAYDAY

Louise—(To a digger) "What are you digging for?"

DIGGER—"Money."

Louise—"Is that possible. When do you expect to get it?"

DIGGER—"Saturday."

POOR EYESIGHT

JUDGE—"The officer accuses you of parking your car too near the corner. Have you anything to say?"

VERNON—"Sure, the poor fool measured from the wrong corner."

GOING SOME

MARY S.—"Well, did you have a good month at the beach?"

Maree E.—"Splendid, I was given seven engagement rings, and only had to return two of them."

SOME BRAINS

CLARK—"Gertrude, what kind of coal do you use?"

GERTRUDE—"What kinds are there?"

CLARK—"Chestnut, egg and—"

GERTRUDE—"Oh I guess it must be egg coal, for we have eggs more often than we do chestnuts.'

HAWKS

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Obituaries

Marjiana Mayioniase Palmeter was born on April Foo's Day, 325 B. C. and departed from this world in 1930. In her early age she suffered from heart failure and remained an "old maid" for the rest of her days. Fell off of a stool three and one-half inches high resulted in "cholera infantum" and "locomotive attacks" which was the cause of her death.

Paularus Rastus Shafferius

Paularus Rastus Shafferius entered this world in "Piglard County." At the age of 12 years he united with the Russelite Church of "Pigtown Center" and became an active member of the church. But one day while leading Prayer Meeting, he was attacked by Prayer Bone Cramps, which made him a cripple for the rest of his life, and led to his retirement from the church. Later in his life, when he was with a party of men fishing for polywags, he caught "Frog Fever" and his was the cause of his exit from the world on Friday, the 13th of December.

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WONDER WHO

Wonder who, on Oct. 5, 1920, Carroll Combs and Charles Lovejoy took to the show, and on the return home ran out of gasoline?

Wonder who the spoiled baby is?

Wonder if the History Class ever agrees with Mr. Baker?

Wonder if Kate Lantz ever sits still?

Wonder who smashed a buggy and killed a horse at West Jefferson on Oct. 10th?

Wonder if Earl Dimler used a bread knife to shave his neck?

Wonder if Mr. Baker is a Republican or Democrat?

Wonder why Mr. Clark is so grouchy when he wears his *Brown Suit*? (Sunday Suit).

HARD SLEEPING

Mrs. Vollmer—"Conroy, how much time did you spend on your Caesar last night?"

CONROY (stalling)—"All night."

Mrs. Vollmer—"How's that?"

Conroy—"I slept on it."

FANCY DANCERS

MISS KRILL—"Did you ever hear of the Shakers?"

IVAN PERKINS—"I have heard of the 'Holy Rollers,' but not the Shakers."

ART BAILEY—"Do you mean the "Shimmy Shakers"?"

JUST A RECENT MURDER

MISS KRILL—"Could you tell me who killed Lincoln?"

Paul Shaffer—"No, I've been away for a couple of weeks, and I haven't heard all the news yet."

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THE EXCLUSIVE JEWELER

LIES

I was not going over eight miles an hour.

He was that long.

Cannot be detected from the genuine.

Best in town.

It will not fade.

I studied it but I don't understand it.

I know, but I can't explain it.

COOTIE ARITHMETIC

They add to your troubles
Subtract from you pleasures
Divide your attention
And multiply like H_____.

IGNORANCE

Luella—"Say, dad, Miss Roe don't know anything."

FATHER—"How's that?"

LUELLA—"She held up a blank check and asked the class what it was, and what it was used for."

ACUTE PAINS

Miss Krill—"What was the Crisis and who was the author?"

VELMA J.—"Was it Pain(e)?"

"The Eskimo sleeps in his bearskin, And he sleeps very well I am told Last night I slept in my bare skin, And I caught an awful cold."

I like these jokes,

Because their more

Because their morals are so high. For just like a prohibitionist,

Most of them are dry.

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AND CHEWING GUM

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Ode to the Faculty

The world has honored the Juniors and Seniors, The Sophomores, Freshman, and all; But the dear old Faculty, ain't had their dues, Since Adam's ancient fall.

So here's to the Faculty, our bosom thrills, With what they have done for all; To the Dear Old Faculty, who kept us after school, For yelling in the halls!

Then sometimes they made us stay,
To learn some crazy word or rhyme;
Because the teacher simply has
A little of spare time.

And you ought to hear them rare, When our lessons we do not prepare, But then the Faculty you can't blame, For it's all in the teaching game.

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CAN YOU IMAGINE

Sam Churchman with a smile?

Pauline H. with black hair?

Laura Young putting a pin on someone's seat?

Helen Schrider and Art Bailey weighing two hundred pounds?

Midge Palm studying in the assembly?

Selma Hummel an angel?

Lois and Lenore separated?

Ruth Meek writing "Love Letters?"

Gertrude B. and Lyndall bluffing?

Elwin Newcomer singing?

Donelda Myers using rouge?

Mr. White with curly hair?

Mrs. Vollmer slim and tall?

Selma Scott without some gum?

The Senior Girls keeping quiet in advisory?

Fern Shackley a blonde?

Neitha I. without her MAKE-UP?

Charles Garns losing his voice?

Oma Marlett and Mable Rinkle with fellows?

Ivan Perkins bashful?

Garwood Peepers in knicker-bockers?

Dorothy Baker in a rush?

Miss Krill scolding someone with a sober face?

PERFECTLY INNOCENT

MISS MARSHALL — "Did you throw any of those paper-wads sticking on the board?"

Donkey — "No, mine did'nt stick."

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Ed's Farewell Address

Remember me when I am gone away,
Far into that sunny land—Texas,
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Now I, turning to go, turn back to say,
Remember me, when no more day by day,
You tell me of our future you had planned,
Only remember me, you understand,
It will be too late to counsel then or pray,
Yet if you should forget me for a while,
And afterwards remember, do not grieve,
For if the thoughts that once I had,
A memory of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far, for you to forget and smile,
Than that you should remember and be sad.

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ELEGY OF THE FRESHMAN

A hundred Freshmen came to school
Riding on an old brown mule;
A hundred caps as green as grass,
A hundred faces bright as brass.
Mr. Baker with a smile,
Led each Freshie down the aisle;
There they sat with trembling knees,
Till all at once there came a breeze.
Then the Seniors, with delight,
Took the Freshmen out one night,
Gave them each, an ice-cream cone,
And tied them to a large tomb stone.

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MISS ROUSH—"How did you draw the line MN?" LOIS N.—"With chalk."

CLARK—"What is the difference between gravity and gravitation?" ETHEL D.—"Well 'er—I guess they are spelled different."

PAULINE H.—"Where was Pete last night?"
VON—"Had a date."
PAULINE—"Have a good time?"
VON—"Sure."
PAULINE—"How do you know?"
VON—"Because he broke his fountain pen."

MR. CLARK—"Explain what noodes are."
MARIE E.—"They're the little bumps on the roots of clover."

RUTH DALEY—"Did the joke editor leave town for a rest?" SELWYN W.—"No, she left to avoid arrest."

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J. W. MATTOX

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MISS KRILL—"That last line sums up the whole idea in a nutshell."

ONITA (in undertone)—"I don't seen any nut-shell."

MR. BAKER—"If the war of 1812 was not an invasion of the land, what would you call it?"

MARJORIE PALM—"An invasion of the ocean."

ED KERR—"How did your old man's potato crop come out this year?

BRIT. B.—"Oh, not very good; he planted them next to the onions and they couldn't see to grow."

Paul Schaffer—"Out in Los Angeles I saw a vineyard of 35,000 acres."

BARBARA L.—"Gee! All in one spot?"

Mr. Clark—"I want you to look up the intestines for tomorrow." Eldon Erlston—"Do you suppose I can find them in a geometry?"



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Mr. Shuman—"Selma will you explain the trade-routes of North America."

SELMA S.—"Oh, My Dear, I don't believe I can."

HEFTY—"Does anyone know where to find Paul Krone?"

REVA—"Go over to the office and look in that little wooden box."

FISH—"What is the difference between a hairdresser and a sculptor?"

IVAN—"The hairdresser 'curls up' and 'dyes' and the sculptor makes 'faces' and 'busts'."

CLARK—"To what class do snakes belong?"

MARGARET D.—"To the insect family."

MISS KRILL—"What do we mean by climax?"

EARL D.—"A brand of chewing tobacco."

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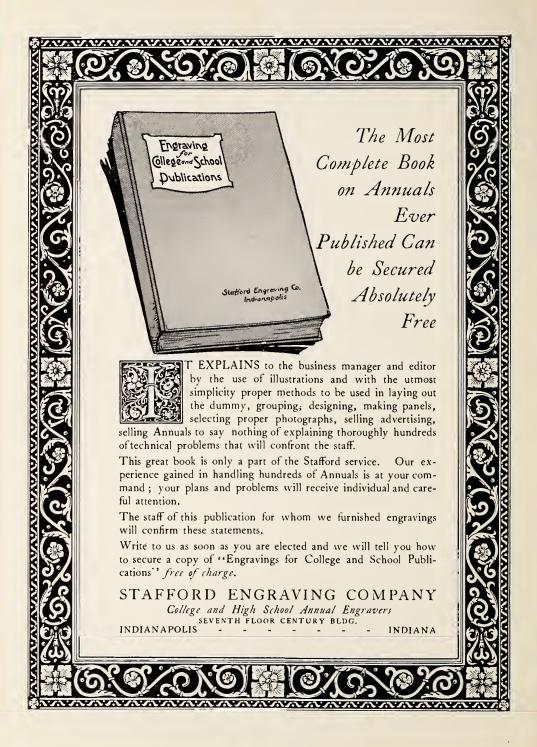
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Phone 197



Senior Alphabet

A is for Annual a book which we read,

B is for Burmah who will do some great deed.

C is for Carmen a singer, so proud,

D is for Dalton whose head's in a cloud.

E is for Ethel who plays Basket Ball,

F is for Faculty both short and tall.

G is for Garwood who once wore a hood,

H is for Helens so plentiful and good.

I is for Ivan a clown in disguise,

J is for Jerger so prim and precise.

K is for Kock a golden haired girl,

L is for Lenorma whose teeth are like pearl.

M is for Midge with an educated toe,

N is for Neath who still is Cook's beau.

O is for Oscar so meek and so mild,

P is for Polly so tame, yet so wild.

Q is for Quakenbush who does nothing but study,

R is for Ruth whose cheeks are so ruddy.

S is for Selma who sits up at night,

T is for Thesis a thing we must write.

U is for Uarda our president this year,

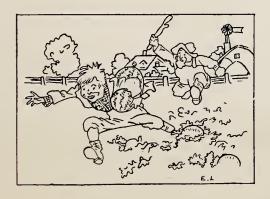
V is for Vernon who loves Nellie, dear.

W is for Weenie who starts many fads,

X is for Xams things we take, 'cause were bad.

Y and Z is for the Senior Class as a whole,

And we sure do aim to reach a high goal.



















4/5/2010 DT 194455 1 3 00



